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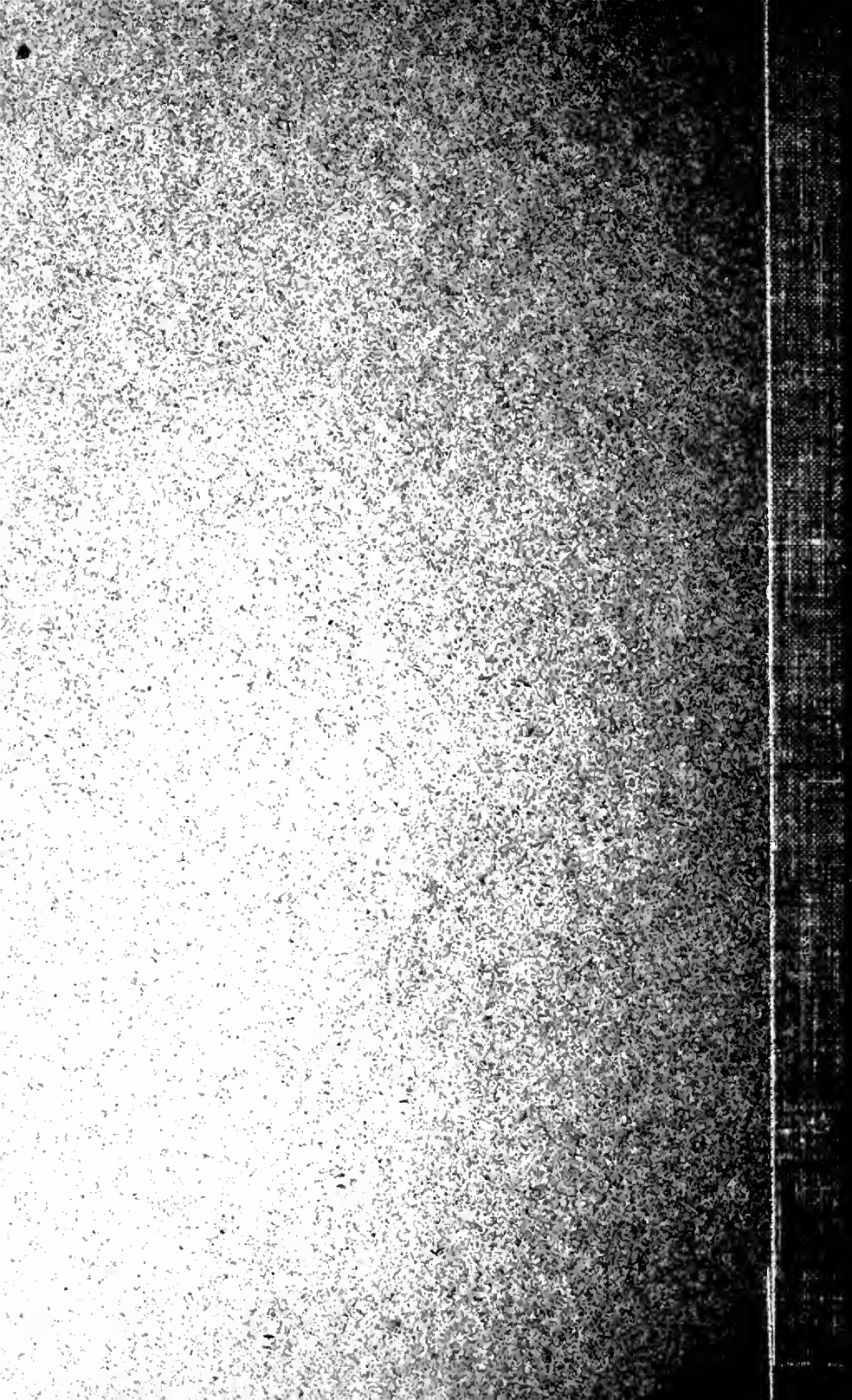
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—THE—

“AMERICAN” SERMON

PREACHED IN

S. Paul's Cathedral, London,

—ON—

Sunday, July 4th, A. D. 1897,

—BY—

WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY,
BISHOP OF IOWA.

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IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
S. A. W. P.
ENTERED INTO REST OCTOBER 27,
A. D. 1897.



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This sermon was preached by request of the Dean and Chapter of S. Paul's, and is printed at the request of numbers who heard it.

THE "AMERICAN" SERMON

PREACHED IN S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ON SUNDAY, JULY
4TH, A. D. 1897, BY WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY, BISHOP OF IOWA.

I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy doings; I muse on
the work of thy hands.—*Psalm CXLIII; 5: 5.*

It is a day, a year, an epoch of glad remembrance,—
of grateful praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God.
On this day, so dear to every American heart, there was
born,—nearly a century and a quarter ago,—a free and
independent nation, and in the birth-throes, which tore
from the mother-land her oldest, proudest, most far-
reaching and important dependency, there was brought
into the family of the peoples of the world the "Greater
Britain" across the sea. Surely, never can this daughter-
land, in her well-won glory and in her ever-growing great-
ness, forget the circumstances of her birth. Is not our
ancestry Anglo-Saxon—English? Is not our very being
instinct with British life? Does not this territorially
"Greater Britain" claim a share in all the past, be it
good or ill, of the English-speaking race? Are not the
glories, the rights, the privileges won by the mother-
land, the very victories and defeats by which the English
people have been made, each and all, a part of the noble
heritage which is ours? It is well and wise on this day
of days, our nation's birthday, which, wherever we are,
we fail not to celebrate with glad thanksgiving for the
citizens of the great republic which, under God, wields
the destinies and sways the fortunes of well-nigh half-a-
hemisphere, to meet to remember the days of old and
meditate on all God's wondrous doings and muse on the
works of His hands in America's, as well as England's,
metropolitan Cathedral,—ours till the war of independ-
ence made the American people free from foreign rule

and the Church in the United States autonomous,—ours, too, from the fact that it is London's central shrine and that from this city and its historic liveries, its citizens and their well-filled coffers, from old S. Paul's, from S. Saviour's, Southwark, from S. Sepulchre's, and from S. Mary-le-Bow,—there came both the spiritual influences inspiring adventure in the new world, and the means warranting that lavish, material support which in the early Virginian settlement gave to the English-speaking race a trans-Atlantic Church and Commonwealth? In this great gift to us of our earliest settlements, in this sending forth of her best and bravest men to people the new world for England's Holy Church, there was no effort made without prayer to God, consecrating each enterprise. No expedition of the earliest colonists started from English shores without the adventurers receiving, ere they left home and native land and the altars of their faith, the Blessed Eucharist as their *viaticum*. These wise and self-sacrificing men—the founders and fathers of the American colonies—in their holy work exemplified the legend adopted by the philanthropic and Christian promoters of England's latest colony on the Atlantic seaboard. “*Non sibi sed aliis*,” was the motto of the Georgia Trustees who sent to our shores that Christian gentleman, churchman, and chivalric soldier, General James Oglethorpe, as the ruler of the new colony in civil and military affairs, and with him gave to the Colonial Church, even in its feebleness and infancy, as missionaries—the English priests—John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield, whose names and praise are in all the world. “Not for themselves, but for others” did these founders of the American settlements give their labors and their lives. It was in the highest spirit of self-sacrifice that the statesmen, the soldiers, the priests, the yeomen of the motherland laid broad and deep the foundations of our American liberty, our laws, our Christianity, and all that has contributed to our best estate. Ah! the

birthday and the name-day of the republic, which was built on the corner-stone and massive sub-structure of English lives, English Christianity and Churchmanship, may well be celebrated here. From the very start our fathers were kept in mind that England's sons, who had crossed the sea, were not forgotten in the old home, but were remembered at the altars and in the halls of legislation of the land which they had left. They were taught that though exiles they were not aliens. They were ever reminded that they were free-born Englishmen, parting with nothing of their birth-right, and losing nothing of their heritage of faith, fellowship and freedom by sailing to the western world. These lessons they never forgot. In the judgment of the students of the history of English liberty and constitutional law, it is fully, frankly, freely admitted that the American colonies in their claim, that resistance to tyrants was obedience to God, were right. It was after no little provocation; it was only when aggravating repression had become too galling a burden to be borne; it was only when the great orator and Churchman of Virginia, Patrick Henry, voiced the sentiments of the American commonwealths and communities from the south to the north, as he cried, in old St. John's Church, Richmond, Va., "Give me liberty, or give me death;" it was only when that "peerless man," that "unblemished" English "gentleman" and Churchman, George Washington, drew his sword from the scabbard as the leader of freemen who dared to fight at fearful odds, battling for their rights as free-born Englishmen, that the strife was on. The blundering of an incompetent ministry, inaugurating a policy which found its most scathing rebukes on the floor of Parliament, where the friends of the colonies bore open and ample testimony that the Americans, in resisting the measures of the ministerial party, were fighting the battle of English liberty, as established in Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights—compelled the struggle for American independence and

made inevitable the separation of the colonies from the mother-land. The fathers and founders of the great republic were loyal and loving supporters of the English constitution and the English liberty. They hazarded their lives and fortunes in this sacred cause; with the courage of their convictions, they plunged into a most unequal contest, resisting even unto blood, simply and solely for the maintenance, inviolable, unimpaired, of the rights they recognized as theirs because spread forth and reiterated on every sheet of letters-patent, or in every royal or parliamentary grant and rescript of chartered and constitutional concessions and enactments. Had these our American fathers been less loyal, less liberty-loving Englishmen than their birth and training made them, they could never have been the founders of our freedom and framers of our incomparable federal constitution. They taught a venal British ministry and a corrupt court how dear was liberty to the colonist, and how clear was the settler's conception that even the ocean could not separate him from the heritage of freedom which his fathers had left to him. Ah! it is indeed a privilege in this grand Cathedral,—the common sanctuary, the central shrine of the English-speaking peoples of the world—to recall to memory to-day the years of the right hand of the most high, to remember the days of old, to meditate on all of God's doings, to muse on the works of His hands. God willed our freedom, and willed it at the time it was won, for had the policy of the present age, with respect to the colonial dependencies of Great Britain, obtained a century and a quarter ago it would have been hard indeed for our fathers to fault so mild a rule or throw off a yoke so easy to be borne. A race of brothers, separated alone by the waves of the sea, might in some federation of love, some equitable arrangement of mutual rights, have swayed the destinies of the world. Still, it was no mere chance,—blind fate had nothing whatever to do with so pregnant an event—which led

Columbus, when in his passage over "the sea of darkness" in his quest for "Cathay and the land of Ind," he neared the unseen and unknown western shore, to change his course from due west to a southerly direction. But for this change, a few hours would have brought the little fleet that had left Palos in Spain on its way westward over the illimitable sea directly to the south Atlantic coast of the present territory of the United States, somewhere about the Carolina shores. Had this discovery of the mainland been made by the Spanish admiral, the new world, so far as the northern continent at least was concerned, would have been, by right of first discovery,—as Pope Alexander VI., the Borgia-pontiff, so persistently sought to make it,—the possession of the Latin race,—a Spanish territory held as a fief of Rome. It was by this heaven-directed deflection of Columbus from the western course that the eyes of the Genoese adventurer never saw the North American Continent and his feet never trod its shores. It was thus, thanks to our Father's God, that we, the people of the United States,—we, the English-speaking peoples of the North American Continent, can rightly make our boast that we owe nothing to Columbus, nothing to Spain, nothing to Rome! Our discovery, our colonization, our Christianity, our liberties, our laws, our very life are not Latin, but are English. We are sons of British sires and our people's freedom, our faith, our features and our speech as well, are our heritage from Britain's historic past.

It was on June the 24th, S. John Baptist's day, in the year of grace, 1497, four centuries ago this epochal year, that John Cabot and the "men of Bristol," sailing westward as the Bristol adventurers had done for years, antedating the sailings of Columbus, had the *prima vista* of the new world, then for the first time seen by European eyes of that day and generation. It was under commission from England's King, Henry VII., to Cabot, empowering him to discover and acquire for the English people

the unknown lands lying in the western horizon, that this eventful voyage was made. We may never forget that Cabot sailed westward, despite the papal bull of demarkation and exclusion which had, so far as the Church of Rome held sway, given into the hands of the Latin peoples of Spain and Portugal the destinies of the western hemisphere. It was, in fact, a *protest* of the English crown, the English people, the national Church of England, against the grasping policy of the Latin peoples and the arrogant claims of the papacy. It was this discovery of the North American mainland by Cabot and the Bristol mariners four hundred years ago this present midsummer which was made the basis of England's claim to a portion of the North American Continent. That claim, enunciated with no uncertain sound by Richard Hakluyt ;—that claim which was made the ground-work of the charters and letters-patent granted by the Tudor Queen to Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh, the fathers of American colonization;—that claim which was so deeply grasped, so fully understood, so bravely maintained by prelate, peer, and peasant alike of the English realm till the nation's war-cry for many a year was that ringing sentence, “No peace with Spain beyond the line ;”—that fateful line of partition and exclusion drawn by the Borgia-pontiff in the interest of Spain and the Latin race alone;—that claim which, in its bold assertion by the Tudor Queen Elizabeth, called for the creation of the British navy by the men who, through the favour of Almighty God, drove the Armada from the seas;—that claim which England never surrendered, and after four centuries of struggle with the Latin race shares to-day with the great republic and the North American possessions, which are still the heritage of the English-speaking-peoples because discovered and taken possession of by Cabot and the Bristol men in the year of grace, 1497;—that claim has proved to be the source of our American national life, our American freedom. It was

not without strife and sacrifice—the lavish expenditure of life and treasure—that England made good this claim. It was a “holy war” that won for the English race and the English Christianity the undisputed possession of the British North American possessions and the present territory of the United States. The strife, waged for nearly four hundred years dating from S John Baptist's day in the year of our Lord, 1497, for the occupancy and supremacy of the North American Continent, was between the Latin peoples, Spanish and French, together with the Church of Rome, and the English race, and the English Church and Christianity. It was this discovery of the North American mainland by Cabot,—and we, the peoples of the United States and our brothers of the North American territories, can never forget this fact, so important it has proved throughout our history from the first ;—that was the source and spring of the English settlements on the Atlantic coast ;—barriers prepared by our sturdy sires against the encroachments of Spain — altars of the reformed, but still Catholic, faith raised against the altars of a corrupt catholicity. On that discovery by John Cabot and the Bristol adventurers depended the domination of the English-speaking peoples over the northern portion of the northern continent ;—the prevalency of the English civilization and Christianity in the new world. It was the discovery of Cabot and the English claims founded thereon that gave the new world the English tongue and secured forever on the North American Continent the acceptance of the Anglo-Saxon ideas of life, liberty and law, the English faith, the English type of manhood and the English sense of right and justice and true greatness of soul. We of the new world, when we come to our fathers' shrines, when we visit our fathers' homes, our fathers' sepulchres, would not withhold our full, willing meed of loving praise as we recognize the sources of our freedom, our greatness, our glory in the struggles and vicissitudes which have been

the making of the English people,—your ancestors and ours as well. We share a common heritage with you. Our fathers were your fathers. You gave to them, and to us, the rights of free-born Englishmen even when they expatriated themselves in their quest to found a “free Church in a free state” across the sea. You gave us in every charter of the old colonial days the recognition of the very principles which justified our appeal to arms in the breaking out of the war for independence. You gave us in July, A. D. 1619, on a mid-summer day we may never forget, the authority to convene in the old Church at Jamestown, Va., the first elective representative body of freemen—the Virginian House of Burgesses—ever assembled in the western world. Thus it was that the foundation of American liberty was laid in the House of God and laid by English Churchmen’s hands. Throughout our colonial days there was ever shown a loving confidence in our reachings after liberty, and an unstinted praise for our struggles for our rights as English freemen at the home our fathers had left. And when after this “nursing care,” to which our very Prayer Book bears witness, there came a time of misunderstanding, a period of neglect and mistrust, and finally an effort to deprive those who had crossed the sea of the rights that they would have possessed unquestioned had they stayed at home,—the greatest, wisest, most liberty-loving Englishmen of this day bore testimony to the fact that the colonists were but claiming their inalienable rights; that they would be slaves indeed if they did not appeal to arms in view of the justice of their cause. All this is now confessed; and a race of brothers,—alike in features, form and physical development, sons of strong and sturdy sires,—one in speech, and one in faith, one in the love of freedom, one in their sharing of the privileges of the common law, the Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights,—will surely never meet on the field of battle again. God forbid such a fratricidal strife. Rather

that "broad Sanctuary," which each land offers for the exile, the alien, the refugee of all peoples, our disputes, if any arise, will be settled by arbitration,—alas! for a time defeated, delayed, but not for long,—each esteeming the other better than himself, each seeking the other's good, each acknowledging the other's greatness; and in the union for mutual protection and the world's betterment, of the constitutional empire and monarchy and the constitutional republic, realizing as the welding together of a race of brothers goes on and on, "Time's noblest offspring and her last."

Ah! beloved, the recurrence to-day of the anniversary of the great republic's birth,—the synchronism of the memorial day and date of the discovery of the North American mainland four hundred years ago, and all this has meant to the English race throughout the world, with this year of glad remembrance of the passage of the sixty most eventful years of a woman's reign masterful, yet loving, over the masters of the earth, cannot fail to call to mind the Jubilee the world has just celebrated in honor of the gracious Queen and Empress, Victoria, the good, the great. In her sweet, innocent childhood, in her winsome girlhood, her gentle, loving maidenhood, in her womanly purity and perfectness, ever without reproach; in her wifely glory, making more fair, more honorable the holy estate; in her maternal devotion, the worthy mother of reigning sovereigns and of those who shall yet wear crowns; in her saintly widowhood, sorrowing, but not without the highest hopes and with the truest faith, for the loss of the great and good Prince Consort, who had lived not for himself, but for her, his true wife, and for her people as well;—as Queen, as well as woman, as Empress over all hearts, has earth known one worthier of the title, Victoria, the good and great? Her children rise up to call her blessed. Her subjects lay at her feet the assurance of their loyal, loving devotion. The peoples of all the world do her willing rev-

erence and praise her abounding virtues,—her God-giving greatness. The earth is better for her holy living, her masterful rule. God grant to this queenly woman many years to come of her gentle reign over loyal hearts and loving subjects. God bless and save Victoria, the good and great.

This year of glad remembrance, this epoch of anniversary days and dates, combining to make an *Annus mirabilis* such as the world has rarely, if ever, seen before, has still another great event to note, another centenary to celebrate. The Bishops of the Anglican communion, English, Scotch, Irish, American, Colonial, Missionary, Independent, meet this year to commemorate the bringing to Britain, and to the earlier British Church of this isle of saints, the western Christianity. Thirteen centuries have passed since S. Augustine landed on Britain's shores, and now the summons come from him who sits in Augustine's chair, not indeed as *papa alterius orbis*, but as the recognized *primus inter pares*, the patriarch, as it were, of a communion which, if the signs of the times can indicate the speeding future, is yet to be the meeting ground of long parted Christian men. We come at the invitation of him who is the representative of the long line of prelates who, throughout the world, find in Canterbury the common source of their apostolical succession, reaching through the ages of the faith back to the Apostles and to Christ Himself. Our coming is to remember the days of old, to meditate on God's doings, to muse on the work of God's hands, to talk of holy things, to note the wondrous growth of the English Church and Christianity throughout the land possessed by the English-speaking peoples and in all the world and among all nations besides. We come together to tell of the multiplication of the number of the baptised of all races and in every land, and to recall with glad and grateful remembrance the mighty and abundant works of loving beneficence which show forth everywhere the

recognition by the Church—the Bride of Christ—of the Master's three-fold work, the caring for the body, the spirit, and the soul. It is our glad privilege to find in this Lambeth Conference a fresh exemplification of the National Church Idea which has been too much lost sight of, and is, in fact, denied by the Church of Rome. As at the Jubilee the presence of Premiers, officials, and soldiers from all parts of the world marking the wondrous pageant, culminating in its reverent splendor before this sacred shrine, gave to men a new, a fuller realization of the greatness of the British Empire, so the coming to Lambeth for conference and council as to the matters pertaining to the Church of God, of Archbishops, Metropolitans and Bishops from England, from Scotland, from Ireland, from the United States, from the Dominion of Canada, from British North America, from India, from South Africa, from New Zealand, from Australia, from New South Wales, from the West Indies, from Guinea, from the Hawaiian Isles, from Hayti, from Equatorial Africa, from Sierra Leone, from Liberia, from China, from Japan, from Zanzibar, from Corea, and other nationalities, will give the world the promise of the national Churches now or yet to be, more or less, autonomous, and all now and ever to be, in communion with the patriarchate of Canterbury. From all parts of the world these bishops come holding one common belief, asserting one primitive Catholicity, all of one line of apostolical succession, all recognizing the "one Lord, one faith, one baptism" of the Word of God. May the Great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls grant to us in our meeting under these inspiring circumstances,—at this auspicious time in this epochal year,—the right judgment to make our synod notable, a mighty factor in the spread and in the reunion of Christianity, and in the bringing of salvation to all men.

Thus looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and ever mindful of His incarnation and atoning

death, asking the favoring protection of Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost, would we now and ever more recall the years of the right hand of the Most High? As we remember the days of old, as we meditate on God's doings, as we muse on the work of His hands, we would gratefully, gladly, and with deepest love and reverence remember that on this anniversary day, he is the freeman whom the truth of God makes free and that we should seek the liberty where with Christ doth make us free, so that in our lives and works and words "begun, continued, and ended" in our covenant, God, we may strive to live and labor and, if need be, die, *pro ecclesia Dei — pro salute hominum*: for the Church of God; for the salvation of men, Amen.



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